

1937 VERLYN 1938





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# VERLYN

1907-1930

Verlyn, N.Y.

Contents

Verlyn, N.Y.  
Verlyn, N.Y.  
Verlyn, N.Y.  
Verlyn, N.Y.

Verlyn, N.Y.  
Verlyn, N.Y.  
Verlyn, N.Y.  
Verlyn, N.Y.

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1937-1938

Volume 11 Number 1

January, 1938

Published twice a year by the  
**State Normal School**  
**Lyndon Center**  
**Vermont**

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## Contents

Cover Design. Kathryn Munn

Flood. Richard Domey . . . . . 3

Star Gazing. Kathryn Munn . . . . . 8

Ghost or No Ghost. Barbara Rose . . . . . 9

Diary of A Procrastinating Freshman  
Doris Ebbett . . . . . 14

Teacher Training. Mr. Philip Mathewson . . 15

Prelude to Winter. Isabelle Mugford . . . . 17

Musings on a New Year's Eve.  
W. Theodore Elliott . . . . . 18

Sayings of the Teachers . . . . . 18

Snapshots . . . . . 19

They're Off. Evelyn Rogers . . . . . 20

Building a Pyramid. Ruth Walker . . . . . 23

Parody on "The Duel". Elsie Tucker . . . . 24

Verlyn Circus. Flora Osgood . . . . . 24

Play Day. Kathryn Munn . . . . . 26

Silver Night. Shirley Chase . . . . . 26

Candle Light Service. Mona Aldrich . . . . 27

Night Skies. W. E. E. D. . . . . 27

Last Song. Shirley Chase . . . . . 27

On-Campus Observations . . . . . 28





## Flood

By RICHARD DOMEY

Davis climbed into his trouble shooting truck and nosed out into the cold damp dawn. For the last two weeks the mornings had been more or less alike, each wet with gusty winds and a steady depressing drizzle that filled every nook and cranny, every cellar and depression, even foot prints left in sandy places.

At first after the warm summer the welcome rain disappeared into the thirsty earth as if by magic. Then little by little, the level spaces, the hillsides and then the wooded areas had reached the saturation point.

Then winter had dipped her icy fingers into the wet November weather. The earth stood still and stiff at her approach. It still rained. The already over-taxed earth presented an almost impenetrable armored surface and the falling rain trickled from the wooded areas, over the hillsides and level spaces to the rivers.

Each harvested garden and every open space that had before lain choking with dust had in a fortnight become sodden and soaked and now lay drowning.

Davis thanked his lucky stars for a comfortable house, a grand wife and three of the most perfect children in the world. He shivered at the thought of having to tramp and wallow across that soggy meadow over there on the left. The highway for him, he would stick to the world of gears and wheels awhile yet. Machines made the world go 'round, and men like him made machines go. His philosophy was perfectly simple. If everyone worked

hard the machines went and the earth progressed. It was too bad that man, as clever as he is, could not have provided for all this unreasonable amount of rain. He guessed God had better practice temperance.

A few familiar landmarks indexed the nearness of his destination.

In the distance the coppery glint of the state capitol building reared its golden dome. Silently the oily river slithered onward. A road sign just as silently sprang out of the wispy fog, for the mists had not yet left the lowlands.

Montpelier, it might be said, is built at the junction of two rivers and on each, power companies had seen fit to erect a dam. As he passed that morning, Mr. Davis made a mental note of the unusual volume of water topping the dam, even with the spillways full open and roaring with the foamy tide. For once the power magnates need not worry. Their dynamos would have power and plenty; maybe too much.

In times past, Montpelier merchants had been forced to suffer large losses due to flooded cellars in the lower part of the city because of unforeseen high waters. They had seen fit to protect themselves with a curfew which automatically warned them in time to allow the safe removal of their valuable stock, when the treacherous stream reached a certain danger point.

By the visible indicator on the curfew tower Mr. Davis imagined that the warning whistle must have performed its duty not so very long ago.

That night after finishing his work,

Davis sat eating his supper in a downtown restaurant. The door slammed as the clock beat out the hour of six.

Davis crumpled his napkin, rose and sauntered to the coat rack. He contemplated the glistening street with a wary eye as he struggled into his jacket.

Behind the hotel across the pavement the silent river continued its ceaseless, fettered way. Davis bit his toothpick in two, paid his check and went out. He did not enter his hotel as he ordinarily would have done but climbed into his car and it was not many minutes before he was rolling along the broad highway that stretched away to the north, out of the valley to higher, safer ground. That night he would sleep more easily. His dreams presumably would not be troubled by rushing rivers and straining dams.

The luminous dial of a ticking watch shone faintly through the Stygian gloom. The hour was eleven. There came a heavy step outside the door, a sharp rap followed quickly by another. Mr. Davis opened the door to be confronted by the landlord who stood upon the threshold. In one breath and half another Mr. Davis was informed that he must leave. Flood waters were rising and the dam above the town was reported to be in danger. The strain was nearly to the breaking point.

A few minutes later, truck, landlord and three choice pigs were heading for higher ground. Then, pork and owner safely deposited, man and truck sped back to town to hear reports.

The railway station was packed to overflowing. Message after message crackled over the sagging wires. Stories of death and disaster came in dots and dashes. Across the room a woman

sobbed quietly. In her hand she held a bit of ribbon and a tiny shoe.

Davis with the rest watched the operator as would a gambler the wheel of Fortune. He, with the rest, noticed a sudden intensity of concentration in the manager's air. His nervous fingers clenched and with the other hand he adjusted the ear-phones a little more carefully. Evidently the need for a written message was unnecessary, for suddenly the pencil dropped and quite without warning the operator faced the breathless group.

"Any of you fellows a mechanic? Waterbury is calling for gasoline and fuel and a couple of experts. They are in a bad way and say that our road is the only possible entrance. You know, the one that's being cemented." There was silence except for the heavy breathing and the scuffing of nervous feet. The tense crowd moved uneasily. A couple of overall-clad workmen looked at each other, one shook his head; they broke the gaze and dropped their eyes.

Davis felt stifled, his throat was dry and his hands wet. The woman sucked in her breath hesitatingly in little broken gasps. She no longer cried aloud but only sat and stared at the bit of pale yellow ribbon and little wrinkled shoe that was a little scuffed.

Fifty miles to the westward his family would be waiting in helpless anxiety. Why not go home instead of risking his life on such a hazardous mission at this was certain to be. One by one the faces of his family rose before him. Each turned away, silent thoughts unspoken. The old house with that funny misshapen shrub, the uneven lawn, the crack on the second step



brought an uncomfortable feeling of homesickness. He wanted to go home.

Then, as flashes upon a screen, the streets of the endangered village flitted past. If he could only stop thinking; but he could not. In his imagination rose a vivid picture of turbulent waters on the cellar walls that crept to the window sills, trickled over and filled the room. The wall paper dampened and curled. Higher, driving man, woman and child to the house tops, crept the merciless tide. Up the blinds, mocking at the eaves, sneering at the roof itself, rising every second higher.

Sure he had to go. He was the only volunteer wasn't he? Everything might turn out O. K. There was a chance anyway.

In those few seconds the past and present, a lifetime flashed by. Davis was a bit surprised to hear his voice, quite dry, but perfectly clear to all in the room. All eternity seemed to hang upon his words. "I'll go."

The operator had not expected this answer. He looked up, a little lopsided smile of disbelief on his face. As if to test the validity of Davis's statement he said.

"Not over that road you won't. The Governor has ordered all heavy vehicles off the road by midnight. Bridges are going out right and left. You would have to have wings to get through. Not only that, the French and Conley Construction Company just sent a warning. They've lost a box of dynamite in the confusion and haven't been able to trace it. It's on the road you go over."

"That's a chance I'll have to take."

"It's a long chance. There's enough explosive in that box to blow the whole State of Vermont to Kingdom Come!"

"Never mind that. I said I'd go and I'm going. Tell them if I'm not there, not to expect me!" Then in a moment of grim humor, "There's more than one way of finding a box of dynamite!"

Davis was standing by the door as he said this. Now he turned the knob. The door clicked open and when it shut Jimmy Davis was on the other side.

Outside there was neither moon nor stars, nor beginning nor end. There was just now. His truck loomed near like a smudge of charcoal against the pale yellow buildings across the street. The rain streaked his glasses, dripped from his shin and ran in a chilly stream down inside his coat collar. For a moment he wished he hadn't said he'd go. He could turn back before it was too late. Jimmy stopped in his tracks. Dynamite indeed! The man was right: he'd have to be an angel to get through. Childishly and in a half amused manner, he wagged his shoulder blades. Angel or no angel he'd make one awful try.

Davis stepped off the curb, stumbled on a sewer cover, recovered his balance and crossed to his truck. He surveyed the oil tins with a practiced eye. "Lucky", he thought, "to have salvaged those." With the oil he already had it would be quite a help. Tires O. K. Good brakes. The battery was in "A1" condition. Sure, he took care of his truck. It pays to be good to your truck. Jimmy slipped into his old accustomed place. His foot found the starter. The engine turned over, shivered and started with a roar. A second to warm up; then he slipped the gears. Water obliterated his tracks

behind him. He was alone.

Inside the railway station, halfway through Davis's message, the buzzer stopped dead. Somewhere on the road, on that winding ribbon of mud, was a man in a truck and now nobody knew where.

Mile after mile, a snail could have kept pace, racing motor, grinding gears, pick, shovel, chain and sweat. Mile after mile like an atom at creation.

If ever a machine could become human, this one did. Twice the jar of the rumbling truck vibrated bridges loose from their already undermined foundations. They dropped with a deadened sound, like coffins in a muddy grave. Miraculously the spinning wheels found firmer ground, missing the maws of the falling trap by inches.

Sticky, slithering mud, quicksand if he stopped an instant, oozed tenaciously around his struggling wheels. Somewhere ahead in this New England no-man's-land lay the deadly menace, dynamite. One smashing blow; then one less truck, one less man — oblivion. Suddenly the motor gave a choking sputter, one last lurch and stopped, never to continue. Cautiously the driver pushed open his door and stepped out upon the water-washed running board, like some futuristic explorer from his rocket, to gaze at the desolation of a new world in wonder. The grey dawn only accentuated the horrible reality.

A cow or two already dead and bloated, floated swiftly by. Ironically enough, a bedraggled bantam rooster perched panic stricken on a warped plank, followed in the wake of his barnyard intimates. Then, in rapid succession, the house, barn, the family

horse and wagon, and the trees that once grew around the homestead sped swiftly by in the mad race to nowhere. Jimmy took a deep breath and stepped with an experimental step into the water and on to the ground below. Step by step he began the long trek back, retracing those tortuous miles. Jimmy guessed that he was not an angel after all. Angels' feet didn't hurt and his did. His puttees chafed his ankles. He had lost a glove; his hand, stiffened with cold, turned blue and lost its feeling.

It seemed years before the first bridgeless river twisted into view. Over acre after acre it spread its overflow. Jimmy had long since abandoned the roadbed, and had taken to the low hog-back ridges. Here was safer and higher ground. He gazed with a sense of futility at the impassable sea below. It looked as if he would have to swim. He had an almost insuppressible urge to laugh aloud. Just laugh and laugh and laugh. He had been hunting here not many seasons ago. All he had caught had been a cold. In that instant a way of escape came to him. That day while hunting, the party had come upon a deep gorge cut by the river, cut so deep that an overflow would be impossible. Across that cut had been swung a crude cable bridge. It had been placed there to aid the game warden in guarding the private estate of an embittered and exiled aristocrat, who had chosen to withdraw from a hostile society and die alone, like an injured animal.

To cross the river was his one thought. Hungry and cold but undaunted, Jimmy Davis swung to the northeast. Over hill and valley he



trudged, it seemed the earth around, although in reality it could have been only a few miles. Higher to the rocky formations peculiar to New England's hillsides. Up eventually to the gorge.

Sure enough there swung the bridge. His memory had not played him false. There swung the bridge, swung like a pendulum, slowly like his beating, laboring pulse, swung by one cable far, far into the depth of the gorge below!

The one remaining cable stretched across the taunting gap. One strand of wire tied the world together. One bit of rusty cable connected him with his home, his family and relief from this nightmare.

In frustrated desperation he lay upon his stomach and tested the wire. Grasping it he snapped it as he would snap the garden hose back home or as he would a piece of rope. It rose and fell in snaky waves, annoyed at being so rudely handled. The vibrations reached the otherside and returned in all haste as if to protest such rude treatment. Back and forth, back and forth between wall and hand and yet came no tearing wrench, no slipping, no pulling loose, no rusty screech. The cable had been well strung. It held firm and true as the day it was hung!

Could he cross? Would it hold his weight? Slowly, experimentally, he hooked his elbows over the iron, loosed his footing and swung free. There he dangled. Spiders on a thread matched his acrobatics and he the helpless fly. Slowly, inch by inch, he shortened the gap. Stubbornly he gained a foot or two. Favoring his frosted hand made it the more difficult. His pulse pounded in his head. He could feel his neck getting thick. A kaleidoscope of color-

ed sparks darted here and there. His shoes pulled him down. His arms ached and pulled unmercifully at his shoulder sockets.

Over and over, one hand clenched before the other let go. Don't look down. Stop thinking. Go a little slower so the cable won't rock. Time and again his will alone saved him. A weaker man would have long since gone hurtling to the depths below, to be smothered by the frenzied water and ground to pulp by the waiting rocks.

At last after tremendous toil his toes scraped the opposite wall. In one last superhuman exercise of inspired strength he crawled up and stumbled panting to the ground. He could go to sleep. The moss here was soft and comfortable. Green feathers grown just to sleep on. But he must not.

When his breath had returned to normal and the mists had cleared away from before his eyes he struggled to his feet and plodded onward. Each minute, each step, brought pain, and each etched as acid every detail of his struggle in his mind.

That afternoon he stumbled into the dooryard of a highland farm. The owner, a young fellow, stood in the doorway of the red barn studying minutely his flooded fields and making mental calculations of the damage. Now he started forward as Jimmy came into view around the corner.

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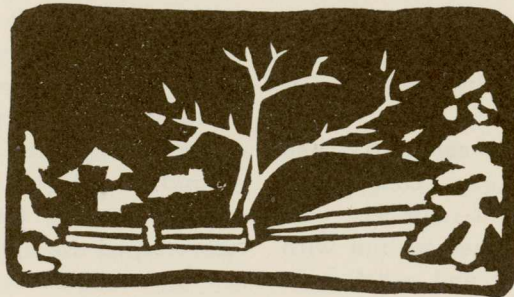
Days later he entered his own warm kitchen to surprise a grief-stricken wife and round-eyed family.

With stories of the flood so fresh and vivid in their minds they gazed at the apparition before them almost with disbelief.

In an instant each had a flood of questions. How? When? Where?

If you look carefully you may detect a certain expression that memories bring when soldiers are asked to relate their experiences.

Jimmy had that look as he shook his head and contemplated the funny, misshapen shrub, the crack on the second step and the uneven lawn that surrounded the little old house.



## Star Gazing

By KATHRYN MUNN

"Will someone tell me where you girls are going? What? Looking at the stars — oh yes! We're to do that for nature to-morrow, aren't we? Hey, wait a minute and I'll go with you.

"Flora, where are my mittens? Who borrowed them? Somebody must have! Oh, that's so; I lost them last year, didn't I?

"Well, are you ready? There's the telephone—wait a minute 'till we see who it's for. Me! Now who do you suppose would be calling me this year? Don't go without me.

"Well, now we're out here, where are the stars? Oh, I see it—look! Right over there! What? Well, my soul, I never saw a street light up that high before! Will you turn off that flashlight? Now — you say that's the big dipper; perhaps if you get your mitten off that map we could find them just as quickly. If you ask me that's the Milky Way right up there. That's

what I said — that long white streak.

"Did you bring the protractor? We've got to measure the latitude of the North Star you remember. Well, don't be silly. Of course I knew we had to find it first; but I thought you'd done that long ago.

"Gee! Isn't it cold here? Who's that standing in front of Mason's? He looks familiar, doesn't he? Oh, you've found the North Star.

"Well, why doesn't somebody measure it? Hold the cold cream jar steady. Don't get the protractor in your eye, Esther! Wait! You're looking at the flashlight, not the North Star. 45 degrees! Let me look! You know we have to take the average. I hope I'm looking at the right star. That's close enough — come on, let's go. I was never so cold in my life. All right — measure it again if you want to — I'm going in. Who thought of this crazy idea, anyway?"



## Ghost Or No Ghost

By BARBARA ROSE

Tom Drew sat before the fire dozing, his head on his chest, a newspaper held limply in his hand. A log rolled. He roused himself, poked the fire, and then stretched out comfortably in his chair, feet toward the blaze.

It had been a hard day, what with that major operation in the morning, all those calls in the afternoon, and so many people in the office after supper. And he had missed Alice, too. Three days had seemed like three years when she was gone. She should be back soon. He glanced at the clock. Yes, any minute now.

Footsteps sounded in the hall, and a cheery voice greeted the maid. The next minute the library door opened, and Alice came in.

"Ah, there you are, darling," she cried, coming over to the fire as Tom arose. She kissed him, then drew off her coat and threw it on the couch—"Oh, but it's grand to be home." Perching on the arm of the chair, she invited Tom to sit down again — "Did you miss me?"

"Terribly," admitted Tom. "Tell me, did you have a good time?"

"Wonderful. We did the town from A to Z. We went to Radio City, and Jack Dempsey's Restaurant, and a million other places. But tell me about yourself. Have you been very busy? You look tired."

"Quite, but things have gone well. There's quite a lot of sickness, but nobody seems to be seriously ill. Mrs. Preston sent her check yesterday, and

I received Jackman's this morning."

"Both while I've been gone! Grand! They're big ones, too, aren't they?"

"They certainly are" said Tom, looking pleased.

"Well," said Alice slowly, "we haven't any debts, and nothing to buy at present, so it seems to me, Thomas Drew, that you have no excuse whatever for not buying me an old house in the country. You know I'm dying to have one."

"But Alice," Tom objected, "you know that I've got to have the office redecorated, and some new furniture in the waiting-room. That couch fairly sags."

"That was all new last year, and besides, it won't cost much to redecorate the office. No, Tom, you've absolutely no excuse this time."

"All right, darling. I'll make a bargain with you," Tom spoke slowly, calculatingly, "You mustn't get any ordinary old house——."

"Of course," agreed Alice.

"It must have the distinction," continued Tom, "of having an honest-to-goodness ghost, that I can see. I won't buy it otherwise. But if you find one with a ghost, you may have it. Otherwise, I get my office redecorated, and the new waiting-room furniture." Tom thought complacently that with such a string attached, he might as well go ahead and see the decorators. He'd like an old house, but he'd never get any time to stay there if he had it, so why——.

"Oh, you darling," rejoiced Alice, "I knew you'd give in. I'll find one with a ghost. Don't you worry. And your stuffy old office can wait."

Two days later Alice left on her search. At noon she arrived at the tiny town of West Hollow. It was a small town, but it intrigued her, for the hills around it were high, and she hoped to find an old house on one of them.

Taking advantage of a sign which read "Bed and Board", Alice took accommodations in a comfortable old house on Main Street.

At dinner that noon, Mrs. Brown introduced Alice to Tobias Haveless. "Tobias," she said, "will be able to help you find your old house. He has lived all of his seventy years in West Hollow, and during those seventy years has seen fit to pick up the story of every scandal that has happened in the vicinity in the last two hundred years. There are a few ghosts, aren't there, Tobias?"

"There be," agreed the old man. "Why, up in that Gorham House I seen——"

"But Tobias, that house burned down two years ago. Mrs. Trent is only interested in houses that are standing."

"Perhaps," suggested Alice, "you will go for a ride with me after dinner, and you can show me these houses which have ghosts, and then you may tell me the stories."

"Glad to," muttered Tobias, starting to eat. He did not like to be cut off short in telling one of his ghost stories.

After dinner Alice, under the guidance of Tobias, piloted the car up a steep hill. As they neared the top, a

magnificent view spread out before them. Alice gazed a moment, then turned to Tobias.

"You must find me a house with a ghost, on this road, Tobias. It's wonderful."

"There's this house here," said Tobias, pointing to a crumbling ruin. "Ralph Prescott's great, great grandfather was murdered there, and the old man has ha'nted the place ever since."

"But Tobias, that place is a ruin. There's nothing there to fix. What about this place?" Alice pointed to a lonely old square house set among towering elms, with half the world spread out at its feet. "Isn't that for sale, and has it a ghost?"

"It's for sale, ma'am, but there ain't no ghost in that place," admitted Tobias, shaking his head.

"I'm going to have a look at it, anyway." Alice got out of the car. "Will you come with me?"

"No, thank ya' ma'am. I'll stay here," and Tobias settled himself for a nap in the sun.

Alice walked admiringly towards the house. It was lovely, and with that view—if only it had a ghost—maybe Tobias had forgotten. Anyway, it would do no harm to look.

She pried gingerly at one of the windows. It opened haltingly and she climbed in. As she stood up, the window banged shut behind her. Alice jumped. A fine person she was—planning to live in a haunted house, and a mere banging window scared her half out of her wits!

Alice calmed herself, and looked around. This must have been the kitchen, for there was an immense fireplace with Dutch ovens. If the rest



of the rooms were like this——!

She entered the living room. Broken shades hung over the windows so that the room seemed quite dark. In the gloomy light, Alice could see a fireplace and paneling of wide pine boards.

Suddenly she stopped. Had she heard a footstep, or was it her imagination deceiving her. She listened. Everything was quiet. Stifling her imagination, Alice turned to examine the paneling — Lovely, wide pine—.

She drew back suddenly. This time her imagination was not deceiving her for a panel was opening slowly, a little creakily. Alice gasped, then started to laugh, a little hysterically, perhaps— For peering around the door, and grinning toothlessly, was Tobias.

"Tobias Haveless! Where on earth?" exclaimed Alice when she had regained her composure, "You scared me half to death."

"S'cuse me, ma'am," he apologized, "but I thought I'd like to come up and see how ya' liked the old house, and I couldn't h'ist these old bones through the window, so I come up from the cellar."

"I'll forgive you this time," said Alice, "because you showed me this secret passage. Tell me about it, Tobias."

"Wa'al, I us'ta come up here and play in it when I was a boy. There ain't no ghost in here, though."

"Tobias, you've got to help me think of some way to invent a ghost. I won't let this place go — it's too lovely."

Alice perched on a window sill, deep in thought, while Tobias puttered around the rooms. Alice called to him, "There's electricity in this house, isn't there? Who owns this place?"

"There's electricity here ma'am, and my cousin he owns it. He'd be awful glad to sell. He says the place is a burden on his old age."

"Your cousin wouldn't care if we changed one of the electrical outlets, would he?" queried Alice. "It might sell the place for him."

"He wouldn't be knowing whether ya' changed it, or not, so go to it."

"Tobias," said Alice suddenly, "you're going to put your carpentering skill to good use tomorrow. You're going to help me invent a ghost; then Tom will buy the place."

Tobias consented eagerly. The idea seemed to appeal to him.

The next morning, bright and early, he was ready to go. Before leaving, however, Alice telegraphed to Tom to come next day, so confident was she in her ghost-creating abilities. Then she secured the services of a local electrician, and the three of them went up to the house.

After the electrician had put a plug in the "closet", he went back to town, and left Alice and Tobias ready to make the ghost.

Tobias fixed the door so that Alice could open it while standing several feet away. Then he screwed up a frame that turned on the light and moved it toward the door when the panel was opened. Alice inserted a small blue bulb and draped a piece of cloth over it. The effect was really quite ghostly when she darkened the room and tried it. Even Tobias liked it well enough to say,

"That there contraption ought 'a skeer anybody. It almost skeers me now, and me knowing what it be."

Alice was very pleased, for she felt

that it must be good if Tobias would praise it like that.

Tom arrived early that evening. Alice insisted that he go right up to see the ghost.

"Of course," she said, "it may not appear tonight. But if you have to go back to town tomorrow afternoon, why you must make some attempt to see it. It really scared me terribly last night. I'm glad you are here with me tonight. You can come up in the morning while I'm at the hair dresser's and look the place over. Why do we call ghosts 'it' instead of 'he' or 'she'," and Alice rattled on, very nervous over her approaching act.

"Tell me about the ghost again, dear," said Tom when they were almost there.

Alice told him about the panel opening slowly and of the bluish light, and she laughed a little nervously at the end!

"At least the ghost isn't very aggressive," said Tom, trying to calm Alice. He was quite worried about her, and wondered if he shouldn't have agreed to buy her an old house minus the ghost. After all, if they bought a house with a ghost, they'd have to live with it, and that might not be so pleasant.

"Here we are, Tom," whispered Alice. "I hope the window doesn't make too much noise."

"Shouldn't you have gotten the key?" asked Tom. He didn't like the idea of climbing in the window of a haunted house.

"No, darling, this is fine," answered Alice. "Help me up, please."

In a minute they were both standing in the old living room.

"We'll have to wait," whispered

Alice. "It was quite a while coming last night."

Alice established herself as comfortably as possible on the floor, so that she could press the spring when the time came. Tom sat a little way from her, leaning against a box.

Thus they sat for the next hour. Alice was very still, but Tom stirred and twisted every so often. Alice decided that Tom didn't like to wait for ghosts. Finally he asked a bit hoarsely, "Is the old fool never coming?"

"Ssh," said Alice, her foot near the spring. Suddenly she pressed the spring, and as the door opened slowly, gasped, "Look, Tom, it's here."

With an exclamation, Tom jumped to his feet, and toward the door, but before he could reach it, it had slammed shut. Alice and Tobias had rehearsed that well.

Then Tom, a very puzzled man, turned to comfort Alice, who was cowering down on the floor.

Tom left for the city the next day. He had not agreed to buy the house. He told Alice that he was not sure it would be a good idea to live in a haunted house if the ghost insisted upon paying them nightly visits in such an awful way. He promised Alice that he would think it over, and tell her his decision when he returned two days later.

Saturday afternoon when Tom returned, Alice could get nothing out of him. He wouldn't say "yes" or "no".

"But Tom," she said, "you said you'd tell me when you came back."

"I know, dear, but I've been thinking it over; we don't want to live in a haunted house. If we can lay the ghost, all well and good. Now I've a theory



about that ghost, and we'll go up there tonight and watch again."

Alice knew that objections would do no good, so she kept quiet, but decided that Tom would not see the ghost that night.

They went up about eight o'clock. Alice sat in a different place, this time. She was glad that she had decided not to show the ghost tonight, for the moonlight was brilliant, and the room quite light.

Tom sat down, and they waited for half an hour, or more. Then Alice stirred restlessly—she hated this waiting when she knew nothing would happen.

Suddenly she looked up startled. Then she screamed. The door was opening slowly, and a skeleton, its empty eye sockets glowing faintly, was emerging. Its bones rattled slightly

The rattling of the bones was too much for Alice. She fled out the window and down the road, Tom after her.

"I'll never go near that place again," quavered Alice, "It was ghastly! You and your theories," she cried, turning to Tom. "Why didn't you leave it alone. It was fine until you tried to catch it. Oh, let's go home," she continued. "I don't like old houses in the country!"

Next morning, however, she thought differently——.

"Now that it's daylight, I'm not afraid. And I still want a house in the country. Tom, let's go up and solve the mystery of the ghost." And when Tom demurred, she said "I'll go alone, if you won't come."

Reluctantly Tom agreed, and together they approached the scene of their scare the night before. On the

way up, Alice told Tom she knew how to get into the panel. Tom was surprised and interested. They climbed in the window, which was open from the night before. And then Alice showed Tom where the spring was.

She pressed it, and gasped,—for when the panel opened, a skeleton emerged, hanging to the rack. It wasn't so terrifying in the daylight, so Alice examined it closely. Suddenly she looked up, and with a very red face, walked out to where Tom stood.

"I'm sorry, Tom," she said, "I guess I don't deserve an old house. But I wanted one so badly, and I thought it would do no harm. Come on, let's go."

"You darling," said Tom, "I think I'm the one to be forgiven. You know, the other morning when I came up here to look the place over, before going back to the city, I smelled a rat. I found your spring, and when I discovered what you'd done, I decided to give you a dose of your own medicine, so I had that skeleton sent up from my office, and your old friend Tobias rigged it up. He certainly did a good job!" and Tom started to laugh.—"However," he said, "it might interest you to know that I've bought the house, and the deed is made out in your name."



# Diary Of A Procrastinating Freshman

By DORIS EBBETT

Friday, 13

A. M. Made out a study plan for week-end. Will accomplish a great deal of studying.

P. M. Beth and Jean invited me to their spread. I had a wonderful time. Four girls came to see me afterward—just in case I was lonesome. I shouldn't have tried to study to-night anyway, I need a rest.

Saturday, 14

A. M. Cleaned room. Washed and ironed. Mended stockings. What a good start for the day!

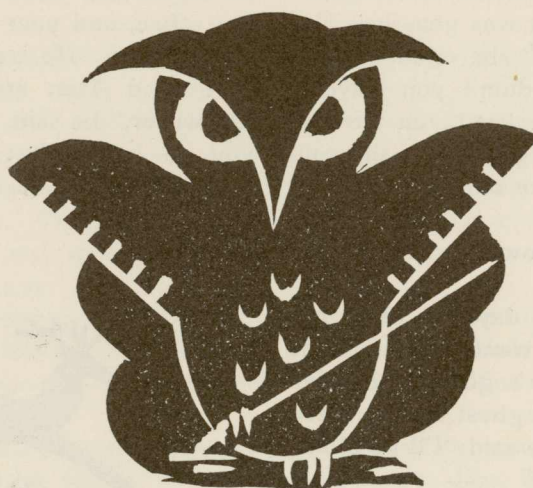
P. M. Just couldn't study with such an interesting ball game going on.

Studied half an hour at Music, but talked so much between paragraphs, that my notes are rather mixed. Studied Current Events until bedtime. I only had time to memorize the joke column. Oh, well, I can find an hour to-morrow to finish my work.

Sunday, 15

A. M. Went to church. I am going to turn over a new leaf. The minister doesn't think we should study on Sunday. There's no time like the present! No studying to-day!

P. M. Set my alarm for 5.30 to-morrow.





# Teacher Training In Retrospect

By MR. PHILIP MATHEWSON

The training of teachers at Lyndon Institute had its origin in the first curriculum of the school, (1870) where the statement was made that "Special attention will be given those wishing to teach." However, little attention was paid to this department until the passage of the following Act by the State Legislature.

"By Act No. 24. of laws of 1894, in State of Vermont, a graduate of any academy, seminary, or high school in this State whose course has included 30 weeks of study in the principles and methods of teaching, and has been approved by the State Superintendent of Education, may receive, without examination, a certificate of the second grade from the county examiner on the presentation of his diploma."

The Classical and English courses at the Institute were approved by the State Superintendent as being suitable for the training of teachers.

In 1867 the first curriculum of study was published as follows:

## First Term

Halleck's Psychology and Psychic Culture

Page's Theory and Practice of Teaching

Quick's Educational Reformers

## Second Term

Painter's History of Education

Howland's Practical Hints for Teachers

White's Art of School Management  
Third Term

DeGarmo's Methods

Arnold's Waymarks for Teachers

Government Reports on School Systems of various states and of our larger cities

These texts were to be studied in addition to the regular class work of the Classical and English courses. In reality it was nothing more than the reading of the aforementioned books, after which seminars were held for discussion.

This type of instruction continued until 1904, when the first training class for teachers was organized. The course was designated for graduates of the Institute, or for those who had an equivalent preparatory training. The theoretical study was based upon the text books prescribed for the course in Pedagogy by the State Board of Education. After satisfactory completion of these studies the State granted a two-year certificate to the student. The courses required by the State were as follows:

"Psychology .....	5 hrs.
History of Education .....	5 hrs.
Reviews and Collateral	
Reading .....	5 hrs.
Principles of Education .....	5 hrs.
Methodology ..	5 hrs.
Ethics and School Government	5 hrs.
Observation and practice teaching throughout the year. Collateral read-	

ing of at least 500 pages on assigned topics in History of Education, School Management, and Principles of Teaching is required."

Principal Merritt Harris was in charge of the teaching of this course in Pedagogy.

Because of the small attendance this department was soon discontinued, and the education courses were placed in the regular curriculum as elective subjects. The Education courses, open to Juniors and Seniors, were: Education 1, to train the prospective teacher in methods of teaching; Education 2, to give the students an understanding of the relations of the school to the community and to make them useful members of the school boards, etc.

In 1912 interest was again renewed in the development of a teacher training department by the passage of an Act by the State Legislature to the following effect: (summarized)

A graduate of an approved high school or academy of the first class, or a person of equivalent training may be admitted to a teacher training course for a one year course. In case such student resides in a town not supporting such courses his tuition to a school providing such work will be paid by the town.

A graduate from a teacher training course may receive from the superintendent of education, on recommendation of the union superintendent of the town in which the course is offered, a four year teaching certificate, provided said graduate was a senior at the time of taking the course; or a five year certificate if the graduate has completed his secondary school training, or has

had the equivalent education at the time of taking such course.

A person who has completed, without conditions, two of a four year course in an approved high school or first class academy, and who has taught fifty weeks in the public schools, may be admitted to the training course, and on completion of the course, may receive on recommendation of the specialist of such course a two year certificate.

The following year (1913) the Institute was again authorized to offer a teacher training course. The curriculum offered at this time was as follows:

Psychology, with practical application to school problems  
Review of History, Geography, Civics, with special study of Vermont Civil Government

Arithmetic

Physiology

Reading

Methods of teaching these subjects

Observation and Practice Teaching

Regular lessons in Penmanship,

Drawing, Music, Cooking, Sewing, and Physical Education.

The Department was under the direction of Miss Eliza Allen, a teacher of broad training and wide experience. For the Institute to offer this work it was necessary to have a class of at least eight students.

With an enrollment seldom reaching twenty students the teacher training department struggled along until 1921 when the State Board of Education made it one of the four two-year normal schools of the State. To encourage attendance the State allowed free tuition to Vermont students provided they signed a contract to teach



in Vermont as long as the duration of the course they had taken. At this time the curriculum was completely reorganized and expanded.

A teacher graduating from the one-year course of training was granted a certificate to teach in the State for a limited period without further study. However, the students were encouraged to take the full two-year course of study.

After this change in the Department the school was gradually built up in attendance and scholastic standing

until, in 1933, the State decided to add a third year to the two-year curriculum in operation at that time.

Thus during the 67 years of teacher training work at Lyndon Institute and Lyndon Normal School, a great change has taken place. From a handful of students to an enrollment of over 100; from a brief seminar discussion of education to a full time three-year course; from a mere library of one case to a new library building, housing 7000 volumes; this from 1870 to 1937; from 1937 to 2004??.

## Prelude To Winter

By ISABELLE MUGFORD

Out of the dusky sky a snowflake falls to kiss the earth, still warm from  
summer suns.

Pure white stars slowly waft their way to rest upon a fevered brow; cool  
fingers in the night.

Slender willows lift their drooping heads for the crown of sparkling jewels;  
jewels no money can buy.

Tall firs and pines reach out their willing arms for precious robes of softest  
ermine snow;

Maples in stately splendor wait against the night for gowns of sheerest lace  
touched by no mortal hands;

The bubbling brooks their sweet songs stay, while snowflake blankets spread  
over each small stone,

Till in the dawn all earthly things are but a dream. Fairyland holds sway.

Into the nowhere it silently fades away,  
A prelude to a Winter Symphony.

## Musing On New Year's Eve

By W. THEODORE ELLIOTT

How often do we wonder what the New Year will reveal to us within its yet unopened pages! We are ever asking ourselves, "How much power have I to influence the direction of the course which I am about to follow." In our classes and among ourselves we debate the matter, attempting to reach a satisfactory conclusion as to what part luck has to play in the drama of our lives. We are uncertain whether to accept Henley's conviction that "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul," or whether to follow the school of thought of those who agree that we have no authority whatsoever

in determining which pathway we shall pursue.

Most of us probably do not go to the extreme of accepting either belief outright. We stand somewhere on the middle ground. While we do not know what the outcome of the game will be, we recognize the fact that the record of how we played it will depend entirely upon us. It is from this point of view that we are determined to make the year to come a year of profit and of happiness. If we guide our days with courage and discretion, what other outcome can there be?

## Sayings Of The Teachers

By W. E. E. D.

Mr. Hapgood—You people seem to have the idea that—

Miss Blaine—Now people, today, etc.

Mr. Bagster-Collins—We have already taken more time on this than I had planned, but I'll only keep you a minute or two longer.

Miss MacVey—(Um-hum, um-hum); All right!

Miss Bole—Don't you think; do you see?

Miss Drew—Now girls — er — use your better judgment.

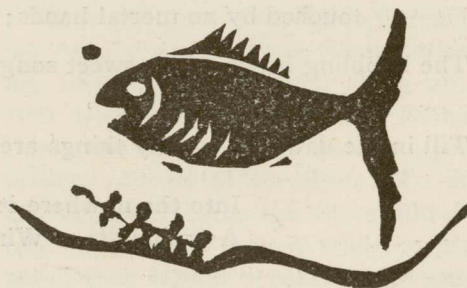
Miss Hoffman — Please don't leave your coats in the classroom.

Miss Hodges—This doesn't explain itself!

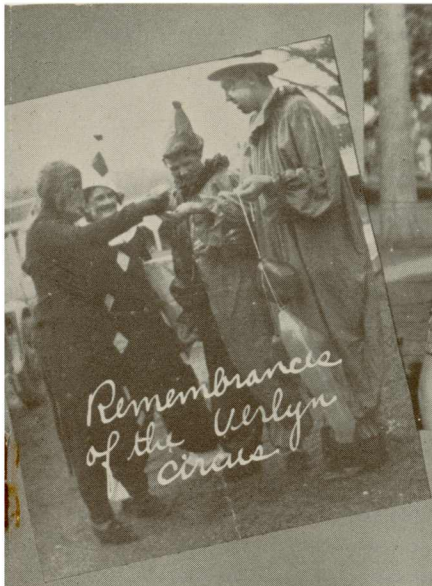
Mrs. Buzzell—Oh-ah-Girls.

Miss Fernow—Isn't that so, class?

Mr. Mathewson—And therefore—







Remembrance  
of the Verlyn  
circus



The Silly Seven



Bess, the Fat  
Lady & Esther  
the dancing  
doll



Our  
Student at  
Work!



Our  
Principal  
plus  
doughnut



Miss Hrew  
in action



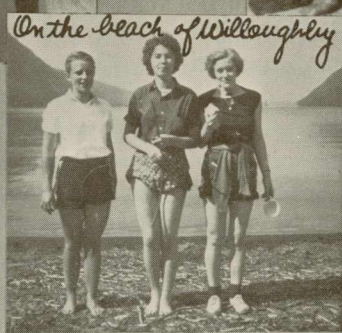
Mmm -  
looks good!



Mr. Hapgood  
relaxing



Mountain Climbers



On the beach of Willoughby



Ready for  
anything



Sarah  
Our  
Mum  
Major



"Our  
Boys"



Studios (?) Kay  
Murn



# They're Off!

By EVELYN ROGERS

Jean was attractive — yes, very attractive in her green riding breeches, white shirt and brown sleeveless sweater. She sat under the awning before "Lucky Guy's" stables, watching Earl, Lucky's care-taker, polish the outfit Lucky was to wear in the Free-for-All that afternoon. At her trimly booted feet lay Pal, her Scotch-terrier.

"Jean." Jean turned to see Billie Cope coming towards her. "Jean, I got bad news for ya'."

"Bad news? What is it?" asked Jean, somewhat startled.

"'Home Spun', Mack's horse, jest kicked Jimmie plumb in the leg and hurt him somethin' awful! I betcha ya' have to scratch Lucky Guy." The ten year old youth was excited and talked very rapidly.

"Jimmie is hurt? When did it happen?" queried Jean.

"Jest a little time ago. He said t' be sure t' get word t' ya' so that ya' could get another driver, but I betcha ya' can't get nobody t' drive."

"You don't think I can, Billie? What makes you think that?" Jean questioned laughingly.

The boy grinned back, showing where a front tooth had been extracted. His freckled face did not beam as radiantly as it usually did when he smiled. One could easily see that Billie was worried.

"Well, Jean," he began hesitantly, "T' tell the truth, I was listenin' t' some of the men right after Jimmie was hurt. They was actin' too happy over his bein' hurt t' suit me. They

are tickled 'cause they say you can't get nobody t' drive and they can win easier. They are all 'fraid of him. They think he is still a mean horse an' a man-killer."

While Billie talked, Jean became more determined than ever that he should race. No one had wanted her to enter him in the first place and had tried to keep her from it. Now she would race him at any cost. She rose and with a short, "Thanks, Billie", started off with Pal at her heels.

She asked many men to drive but they all answered the same — not in words but in ways. They said "I'm too young t' die." "Nope, not drivin' t'-day." or, "I guess not!" She walked back to her stables very disappointed. It was plain to be seen that Lucky Guy wasn't wanted in the race. What should she do? Of course, it wasn't a matter of life and death, but just the same she wanted Lucky to race. Suddenly an idea struck her. She, herself, would drive in that race! She called Earl and told him of her plan.

"I'm going to drive, — no, don't interrupt me. I know that Dad told you to keep me out of trouble and you are doing very nicely, but this is my own business! I shall dress like a man, look like a man and drive like a man. No one will be the wiser if you don't tell them—not even Dad. Now go get Tom Allard's driver's coat and cap. We have found a driver. A man from New York State, but he hasn't any driver's uniform. His name is ——— let me see, his name is Hal Williams.



Hurry now!"

Earl went off looking very skeptical about the whole plan. Soon he returned with Tom's coat and cap.

"Here, give it to me, then get me your navy blue suit. Don't stand and gape! Hurry! Bring your white shoes, too. You shall have more clothes—don't look so worried." Earl produced the articles. "Now hurry and get Lucky ready for warm up. I'm warming him up. A new driver has to get used to his horse, you know."

With the aid of numerous cosmetics, Jean was transformed into a nice looking young man, slightly sunburned from his trip.

After warming Lucky up, she proceeded to wait for race time. At last the voice in the judges stand rang out, "All ready for the free-for-all horses, all ready."

Earl brought Lucky out and started to help Jean on as he always did. She whispered hoarsely "Get away!" and shook her head violently. She was thankful that the bystanders were gazing with rapture at the beautiful build of Lucky just then.

"Good luck," called Earl, and Jean raised her hand to her cap in a masculine manner, hoping she looked as masculine as she had intended to be.

In the first heat Lucky Guy got off to an excellent start and in a few seconds had the "pole"—inside lead of the track. During the last half of the heat, however, Gertrude Homestead began to overtake Lucky. Jean was expecting this and spoke to Lucky, who shot ahead at a terrific speed. Down the stretch they thundered, Gertrude Homestead creeping up all the time. Jean spoke again to Lucky, and he be-

gan leaving Gertrude Homestead in the dust. Under the wire they went, Lucky in the lead.

Jean gave Earl the reins and walked along behind, as the other drivers did, because she didn't want to attract attention even if her knees were trembling.

Sam Davis, who had driven Gertrude Homestead, came along and slapped her on the back.

"Williams," he said, "You drove good!"

"Thank you," said Jean before she thought. He had surprised her so that she spoke in her natural voice.

Sam grabbed her. "Say, what is this? Do you think you're doin' somethin' smart, endangerin' everybody's lives? I thought it was you all the time, but I wasn't sure. You had better make up your mind not to race that four-legged piece of horse-flesh any more!" With that he turned and headed for the judges' stand. Jean walked on thoughtfully. She had been found out, her father would know it, and she might even be compelled to leave the Grand Circuit Driver's Association with her horse for five years. That would please her dad! How he hated to have her go "galivantin'" — as he called it — around to the meets.

She had no sooner reached the stables when the judge's voice called her to the stand. Well, she'd put up a good fight, anyway.

When she reached the stand Sam Davis and his friends were there. She ignored them and faced the judges. She was asked to be seated and Mr. Keyes began with no preliminaries.

"Miss Sherman, you realize that you have committed a crime in the eyes

of the Grand Circuit Drivers' Association? You have driven one of the most savage race horses on the tracks of America in company. Also you have driven without permission and under a false name. Now what have you to say for yourself?"

"Mr Keyes, and friends, I realize that I have driven my own horse in a race for the simple reason that I could get no one to drive him for me. They were all afraid of him. I have never, since I have had him, seen him do a mean thing. If I had thought that he would cause an accident I would never have attempted to drive him, but after I found out the cause of his mean disposition and removed that cause, I found that I had removed the disposition, itself. As for driving without permission, I knew that you would never permit me to drive if I asked you, because Lucky has such a bad reputation. So I simply changed my appearance and drove, and I don't see why I didn't do it all right, if I may say so."

"You drove well enough, Miss Sherman, but that is not the point. The point is this, you are not a man, you are driving a horse that should not be on the track, and the other drivers do not like to drive with this horse."

"Well, my gosh! If all that is worrying you is whether I can handle the horse or not, just try me. Tell me what you want me to do to prove that I can handle him," exclaimed Jean.

"All right, score your horse down thirty times. He was always the meanest about scoring. If you can still handle him, you may finish the race," Keyes told her, and winked at Davis.

"O. K., I'll do that!" She shook hands with Keyes and started for the stables.

As the 2:25 horses came back to the stables Jean went out with Lucky, praying inwardly that Lucky would be himself to-day.

After she had brought him to the starting position twenty-five times without mishap, the crowd was wild! They were cheering for her, she knew. She wondered what the judges were thinking. When the thirty scores were completed, Earl was there with a blanket and a piece of sugar for Lucky.

"Boy! You sure showed 'em!" he exclaimed as he took the reins.

"Thanks, Earl," she cried gleefully. "I'm just dying to see their faces up there! I'll be right over."

She climbed the stairs to the stand and stood before the judges.

"Well?" she queried as they did not speak.

"If this horse is allowed to race, I draw my horse!" said Sam.

"Me too!"

"Same here!" from his friends.

The crowd in the grand stand hooted. Those in the Judges stand looked up amazed and realized that they were too close to the microphone and that the crowd had heard. The judges looked at each other, at Sam and his friends and then at Jean.

"Well, I might consider racing," said one of the drivers sulkily. The crowd roared again.

"Do I race?" queried Jean.

"No, your horse does," said Keyes and grinned sheepishly.

"Thanks a lot! Is that all?" cried Jean.

"Yes, I believe so. Thank you," muttered Keyes.

"Oh, Miss Sherman," ventured the youngest of the three judges, as Jean



was leaving.

"Yes?"

"After you drive, are you ever hungry?"

"I'm always starved? Why?"

"I thought we might have dinner together some place." The crowd roared; he started and blushed. That microphone again!

## Building A Pyramid In History Class

By RUTH WALKER

For more than four thousand years that massive memorial, the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, has stood unchallenged upon the burning sands of Egypt, peerless in grandeur, supreme in achievement, and unexcelled in magnificence until the year 1937 A. D.

What soothsayer of 2900 B. C. could have foreseen that a mere four thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven years afterward, over the grains of dust on the floor of Room 13, there was destined to arise another Colossal Glory, unparalleled before in the history of man?

The courage, the foresight, and the ingenuity it required to obtain the limestone blocks alone is an example of the stupendousness of this undertaking. Messengers were sent to the distant corners of the earth to order countless tons of this material, in the shape of ungainly cardboard boxes, often delicately frescoed with spectacular heiroglyphics (which the skillful appliance of several layers of calcimine would not wholly conceal).

The Egyptians can boast nothing of the effort it required to roll their massive blocks up the inclined sides of

the Great Pyramid. As compared with the treacherous ascent up Institute Hill and the maneuvering of those unwieldy boxes through three entrances and a crowded passageway, it was nothing.

Furthermore, who can estimate the perils encountered in creating this noble edifice, the danger of being enclosed forever while laboring in its gloomy interior, or of becoming forever a permanent part of its walls through too close contact with the adhesive tape.

Behold, now, how peerless the structure stands, how gracefully its sides slope away in exquisite symmetry toward the horizon.

From the lofty summit, if one dared risk ascent, lies revealed below the City of the Dead. This may be viewed from eight o'clock in the morning until four o'clock at dusk.

Alas, the futility of man and his accomplishments. Must all crumble away to dust and oblivion? The Glory of Room 13 at least has been spared such an indignity. Rather did we prefer to see our Wonder of the Modern World disappear in one last heroic flame skyward and perish amid the ashes.

## Parody On "The Duel"

By ELSIE TUCKER

(With apologies to Eugene Field)

Dear old Kelty and Faulkner fat  
Side by side on the reserve shelf sat;  
'Twas half past ten, and (what do you  
think!)

Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!  
Old Mr. Beard rubbed his shiny pate  
And seemed to know as sure as fate  
There was going to be a terrible spat.  
(I wasn't there: I simply state  
What the fellow told with the shiny  
pate!)

Old Mr. Kelty went, "Ow-ow-ow!"  
And massive old Faulkner replied, "My  
Cow!"

The air was littered, an hour or so,  
With bits of Pilgrims tossed to and fro,  
While Mr. Beard in the same old  
place

Up with his hands before his face,  
For he always dreaded a public row!  
(Now mind: I'm only telling you

What the honorable Mr. Beard de-  
clares is true!)

Beard's old pate looked very blue,  
He wailed, "Oh dear! what shall I do!"  
But Mr. Kelty and Faulkner fat

Wallowed this way and tumbled that,  
Employing every charter and law  
In the awfullest way you ever saw—  
And, oh! how the Pilgrims and Indians  
flew:

(Don't fancy I exaggerate—  
I got my news from Beard's shiny  
pate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat  
They found no Kelty nor Faulkner fat:  
And Miss Fernow thinks unto this day  
That someone stole that pair away!

But the truth about the two old pups  
Is this: they ate each other up!  
Now are you really surprised at that!  
(Old Mr. Beard he told me so,  
And that is how I came to know.)

## Verlyn Circus

By FLORA OSGOOD

On Friday, November 9, not 13, the  
Verlyn Circus, the greatest, most stu-  
pendous show in the world favored  
Lyndonville and places nearby with  
its awe inspiring presence.

Women fainted and people were  
trampled underfoot by the mobs in the  
'Ville who tried to get a closer view of  
the parade. Down the street it came  
led by the Misses Kathryn Munn and  
Phyllis Coburn, carrying a banner, fol-  
lowed by the band, resplendent in uni-

form and blaring forth in all its proud  
array.

Then followed amid exclamations  
and great cheers the most bewildering-  
ly ingenious floats ever seen in this  
part of the country. Theodore Elliot's  
car, decorated under Letha McLam's  
direction, with red and white pennants,  
balloons and two clowns, served as the  
school float. Donald Doyle's car, in  
charge of Rowena Baker, and taste-  
fully decorated with streamers and



more clowns, represented the Freshmen; a mock wedding and the Dionne Quintuplets followed.

The Junior Float, whose chairman was Mrs. Hildred Duke, presented the modern teachers in one car, a smart roadster, followed by the old-fashioned teachers in another, a not-so-smart sedan.

An open truck, with sides removed, carried the Senior Float. Sitting in all her glory (still puffing from the excessive exertion of climbing aboard) rode a fat lady, surrounded by a monkey, a ballet dancer, and two clowns. The antics of the latter were severely limited, however, by the ever present fear of falling off the truck as it moved slowly forward in jerks and starts. Doris Spencer was in charge.

The last float introduced a poignant note of sadness into the parade. Handkerchiefs were whipped out as tears of pity filled the eyes of many spectators. For there now came into view, dragged by Hovey and Simonds wrecker a long black coffin. A sign "L. N. S. Faculty—The Circus Did It," told the sad and gruesome tale of woe. Would the spirits of the dear departed faculty let the circus down? Or would they return that evening for the events to be staged in the gymnasium?

After the parade dormitories buzzed with excitement as costumes and properties were returned and borrowed again for the evening performance. Cries of "Who's going to fix my face?" and "Where's my moustache?" echoed through the halls.

At 7.30 a large group of children and grown-ups was on hand in the gymnasium to witness the evening show. The first item on the program proved

to be a portrayal of an old fashioned school with Miss Hodges as "teacher" and the faculty as pupils. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hapgood did not get Athlete's Foot from going barefoot on the gymnasium floor, and that other members of the faculty did not catch cold from exposing their knees to the cold November air.

And now the sideshows filled the spectators with thousands of thrills. A spectacular dance by the "hula-hula" girl from the South Sea Islands, Sarah Bass, was presented to a crowded "tent". While Senorita Grace Hubbard, the palm reader, peering into the future, found there a man for many of the fair girls of L. N. S. The World's fattest woman, Isabelle Mugford; the world's tallest woman, Ruth Walker; and the world's shortest woman, Irene Robinson, presented so queer an assortment that those who saw them were led to wonder if by chance they had not strayed into some land of make-believe.

The next act in the circus introduced the Hill Billy Band combined with the Glee Club, consisting of thirteen students singing and playing combs while one played a Hawaiian guitar. Discords there were, here and there (probably caused by the change in climate since they had come all the way from the Kentucky hills) but the selections were rendered, otherwise, with vigor and precision in the manner of good troupers.

Then followed the most spectacular, death-defying stunts and rope climbings that the Eastern part of this country has ever seen. The clowns, a special troupe, sent by Barnum Brothers by special request, certainly did their stuff.

The fashion show, put on by the boys, gave the women of the audience a good idea of the styles for the coming season.

The orange knitted suit modeled by red-headed Miss Donna Doyle sent many young ladies home to their knitting needles. Leona Lamberton showed the up-to-the-minute young lady what she would wear in ski togs this winter. Marriana Merriam next took the spotlight in a very attractive bathing suit. Diana Bullock modeled the latest fashioned evening dress topped by a very becoming coiffure. The latest in house coats was shown by Henrietta Ford. Bashfulness seized him at the

last moment and he refused to take the coat off to show his very becoming sports costume of shorts and bandana underneath. Theodora Elliot concluded the show by taking the stage and displaying a nicely fitting negligee and hairnet.

It is said that a scout from Hollywood, who was attending the circus, offered the boys a juicy sum if they would sign contracts and depart at once for Hollywood. However the boys, true to their professional spirit, refused to give up their chosen careers and the scouts departed in low spirits.

A dance held in the Assembly Hall, following the circus, was well attended.

## Silver Night

By S. CHASE

The moon is a silver lantern,  
Hung at Heaven's gate  
To light the way for weary souls,  
And comfort those who wait.

The stars are silver spangles  
Trimming the gown of night;  
The milky way is a fairy bridge,  
Which the glowworms help to light.

The lakes are pools of silver wine,  
Which only the gods may sip;  
Birches are dancers, silver-clad,  
That bend and bow and dip.

In a graceful swirling melody  
Of fluttering silver lace,  
The silver leaves of the silver trees  
Dance with rhythmic grace.

## Play Day

By KATHRYN MUNN

On October 23rd the four state normal schools, Johnson, Castleton, Burlington, and Lyndon sent representatives to the Southwick Memorial Hall in Burlington to take part in the first Play Day to be held in this state. The Burlington girls, as hostesses, took charge of a program of games which did not include any competition between schools.

On December 11th Johnson and Lyndon held a similar Play Day at Lyndon. These activities are helping to strengthen the spirit of friendship and cooperation among the Normal schools of Vermont.



## Candlelight Service

By MONA ALDRICH

The Candlelight Service, held in the Congregational Church, was a very lovely entrance to our busy "last week" before the Christmas Holidays.

Promptly at seven-thirty the white robed Candlebearers, led by Barbara Rose and Anna Palmer, took their places along the sides of the Church. Simultaneously, the black robed choir entered from the Vestry singing "Adeste Fidelis".

The Shepherds were portrayed by Ceylon Prescott, Harold Jenness, Dean Bullock and Wilfred Elliot. The Angel of the Lord, represented by Mona Aldrich, appeared before the Choir and directed the Shepherds to the birthplace of the Christ child.

Esther Beck, as Mary, the Virgin Mother, was a picture of grace and dignity while Donald Doyle as Joseph completed the Manger scene.

Cecil Robinson, Harland Merriam and Curtis Lamberton, resplendent in

the gorgeous robes of the Three Oriental Kings, came to pay tribute to the Saviour. After they had left their gifts by the manger, the candlebearers were led out by Rachel Adams and Irene Robinson. The choir made their exit singing "Joy to the World".

Throughout the pantomime the Choir, who had been carefully directed by Miss Blaine, sang the age-old Christmas carols, accompanied by Mr. Moyles, the organist.

The Committee is indebted to Miss MacVey, who assisted the Candlebearers in marching; to Mr. Goudey for his kind co-operation, and to the Odd Fellows who lent us the robes for the Three Kings.

Mr. Bagster-Collins and his student helpers, Letha McLam and Karlene Exley, may feel sure that Candlelight Service has left something to be long remembered.

## Night Skies

By W. E. E. D.

The moon is a boat  
That sails the sea of night,  
Cleaving the billowy clouds  
And shedding silvery light.

The stars are little compasses  
Pointing out the way  
For the boat's long journey  
Till night fades into day.

## The Last Song

By S. CHASE

The song is drawing to a close;

The last notes fade and drift away and  
die;

An angel, dressed in white, bends softly  
down

And gathers up the echo to the sky.

## On-Campus Observations

Have you read the new book by Mr. Hapgood—"What To Do and When To Do It in Basketball!"

Mr. Mathewson and Mr. Hapgood have started a correspondence course in chapel.

Due to an unintentional slip of the tongue by one of the faculty members, the truth is at last known: Miss Drew can shake a leg.

Although the faculty were confined in a coffin at the time of the circus, their ghosts have certainly seen that the pupils still have enough work to keep their minds occupied.

Wanted: A trailer for Mr. Bagster-Collins to be used as a smoking-room between classes.

Kathryn Munn has marvelous eyesight for she told Mr. Hapgood in Nature class that she saw Orion going home the other night.

Four of our industrious (?) Seniors exhibited their talents in Sanborn House living-room by giving to an interested audience the Minuet combined with the Big Apple.

Henry Ford swears that "azimuth" is a huffing and puffing disease!

Wanted by Mr. Hapgood: A second-hand washing machine to start automatically at 6:00 A. M.

What ho! A very perky Ford rumbled into Social Problems Class and lo! there was no parking space. Mr. Mathewson very kindly gave him his chair

and the Ford almost took a "back flip" in it. We might have expected this on a Monday morning but on Thursday—Fie upon you, Henry!

Speaking of projects — Miss Hoffman thinks our boys did quite well in the circus, considering their low I. Q.'s.

Every once in a while the Senior American History class takes a fifty minute nap — Miss Fernow wishes they'd take their very rugged snooze outside of class time.

Have you noticed the knit-wits who adorn our livingroom noons and evenings?

We certainly have become well acquainted with "Nola" in the past few weeks. We're now wondering if Esther and Mona could vary their duet program with an occasional rendition of "Chopsticks".

Lost: several inches of Dignity by H. Carleton Merriam when he flattened himself neatly on the sidewalk before Sanborn House. Will finder please return said Dignity at once! Our Harland hasn't been the same since!

Wanted: Donations for the beginning of a Gum Fund for Mr. Mathewson so he can always have his chew during the basketball games.

We have found out that Curt Lamberton's idea of a good time is buying a lollypop and going on a "binge".

Kay Munn may be of the convincing type, but she can't make Harley Folsom



believe she's Virginia Martin's sister!

Special request: We would like Miss Rudd to change her name to Dorothy Dix and run a column in our next issue entitled "Advice to the Lovelorn".

Wanted: A ready-made family for Miss Hoffman so that she can speak from "actual experience".

We are convinced that Miss Fernow

missed her calling—she should have been a carpenter in view of her "contracting" ability!

It seems that there are two Freshman boys who are unwilling to exhibit their talents in Art and Psychology (?) but two Junior girls discovered their cleverness and now the truth is known. Tch! Tch! Boys will be boys!



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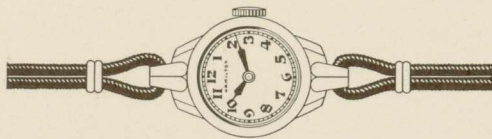
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